

~~Dear Miss Mitchell,~~

Hilda Bloogs

'Janilda'

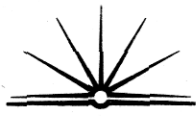
Outside London
England.

Dear Miss Mitchell,

I am writing in response to your song 'Big Yellow Taxi'. The verse: "They took all the trees / put them in a tree museum / And they charged all the people / A dollar and a half just to see 'em." has intrigued me. I understood your attempts to stop the increasingly changing world we live in, in which we are becoming a more backward ~~society~~ ^{world} than ~~the world we used to live~~ what we think of the world we used to live in.

Just recently, I was visiting the National Museum, where an exhibition of life in ~~the~~ the rainforests of Africa was on display. It made me think of your song.

As I walk through the museum I was saddened, as what was on display was ^{a show of} how the natural environment of Africa is changing. It is being knocked down and rebuilt. What was on display was no longer standing in Africa.



The main reason I was saddened, was that as we make changes to the environment, we make changes to our cultures. Hundreds of tribes, all with their own identities, rituals and practices that they have performed over thousands of years are disappearing. We believe we are making changes for the better, to eradicate poverty, disease, violence, but we are only getting rid of whole aspects of life as we know it.

A loss of humanity has come about ~~as a result~~ in our search for humanity. A closeness to nature, into the world we live in has been lost. ~~As we strip this~~ As we mine the earth for its natural resources to use in housing, industry, armaments, we are stripping it of its natural form. We as people change for the worse everything we change ~~the~~ Earth. This is our home, and we only know how to destroy it.

I have an image caught in my mind of a ^{black} native African lady, ~~to~~ nursing her baby in her arms. She is about to be shot by a white man, seeking to destroy their huts, in order to build a ~~set~~ ^{a boutique} pink motel ~~and sell~~.



and a swinging hotspot! It is an image that I can place into a number of different events all over the world. I ask myself 'what are we trying to achieve?'. The answer 'a better way of life', keeps coming into my head, but I don't quite understand or agree to it. Then another question 'what is humanity?' also comes into my mind, and has there ever been humanity as we describe it? Or is humanity the destruction of ourselves?

It appears that we are certainly trying to achieve something, but we ~~seem~~ seem to, every step forward, take two steps backward.

In conclusion to this letter I wish to express my concern for the destruction of our natural environment, because our natural environment, our natural instincts, our feelings of love & care are our only chances of a 'better way of life'.

I wish you well with your singing career.

Yours sincerely

Hilda Bloggs.